

56     *ORCHESTRA* ^ A POEM OF DANCING.  
[ ^jflS^SJ;

O that I might that singing Swallow  
hear, To whom I owe my service and my  
love ! His sugared tunes would so  
enchant mine ear\* And in my mind such  
sacred fury move, As I should knock at  
heaven's great gate above,  
With my proud rhymes; while, of this  
heavenly state,  
I do aspire the Shadow to relate\*

FINIS,

*In later editions a different ending of the poem was substituted for the from after Stanza 126, thus i*

*are wanting some stanzas describing  
Queen ELIZABETH.*

*Then follow these :*

127.

Her brighter dazzling beams of  
Majesty Were laid aside : for she  
vouchsafed awhile With gracious,  
cheerful, and familiar eye, Upon the  
Revels of her Court to smile, For so  
Time's journey she doth oft beguile.

Like sight no mortal eye might  
elsewhere see So full of State, Art,  
and variety.